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CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

THE CHILDREN'S HYMNAL

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES

HARMONIZED EDITION

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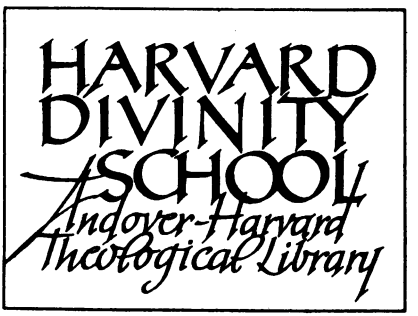
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THE

CHILDREN'S HYMNAL

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE PSALMODY AND HYMN COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE HARMONIES OF THE TUNES REVISED BY

WILLIAM HENRY MONK,
PROFESSOR OF VOCAL MUSIC, KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW·
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1881.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN issuing the Harmonized Edition of the "Children's Hymnal," the Committee desire to state that a considerable number of the hymns have been taken from the "Scottish Hymnal,"—as it is important that children, while learning hymns suited to their youth, should also become familiar with the words and music of those which will be most serviceable in after-life. In all these the adaptation of tunes is the same as in the edition of that work with accompanying music. Such other hymns as were found suitable in metre and sentiment have been adapted to tunes from the "Church of Scotland Psalm and Hymn Tune Book;" while for the remaining hymns the best available music has been chosen. All the tunes from the "Church of Scotland Psalm and Hymn Tune Book" are reprinted as they stand there; while the harmonies of those from other sources have undergone a thorough revision by Professor Monk, who has in most cases supplied altogether new harmonies. In a few instances the melodies have been slightly modified since the publication of the Single Voice Edition of the "Children's Hymnal;" in future issues the two editions will in this respect be made to correspond. An additional tune has been given to No. 86.

The Committee would take this opportunity of acknowledging their special obligation to Professor Monk for his services in connection with the whole of their publications, and more particularly for

the harmonies supplied to the present work; as also to the gentlemen whose tunes, granted for the "Church of Scotland Psalm and Hymn Tune Book" and acknowledged in it, are reprinted here. For original pieces in this selection, they tender their thanks to Mr. James S. Geikie, for No. 37; Mr. G. H. Gregory, Mus. Bac., for Nos. 8, 30, 91; Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., for Nos. 31, 78, 81, 87, and the words of No. 8; and very specially to Signor Alberto Randegger, for sanctioning and revising the four-part arrangement of two of these, Nos. 31 and 78.

The Committee are confident that this Edition will add greatly to the usefulness of this Collection of Children's Hymns, the popularity of which has been already proved by its wide circulation.

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THE CHILDREN'S HYMNAL.

1. A LITTLE CHILD THE SAVIOUR CAME.

1. A lit - tle child the Sa-viour came, The migh-ty God was still His name,
And an - gels wor-shipp'd, as He lay, The seem-ing in - fant of a day.

1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still His name,
And angels worshipped, as He lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water, name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 Oh give Thine angels charge, good Lord!
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide!
When o-ther help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

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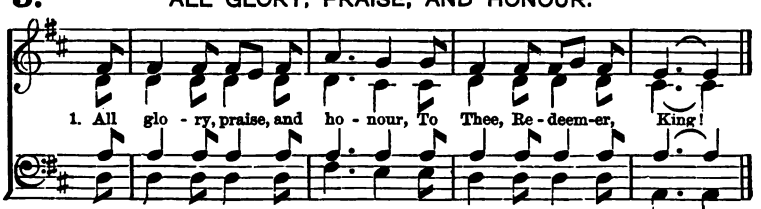
3. ALL GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOUR.



FINE.
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's ro - yal Son,
D.C.
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.

1 ALL glory, praise, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessëd One.

All glory, praise, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
The children of Jerusalem
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise,
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

4. ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-migh-ty wings!

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

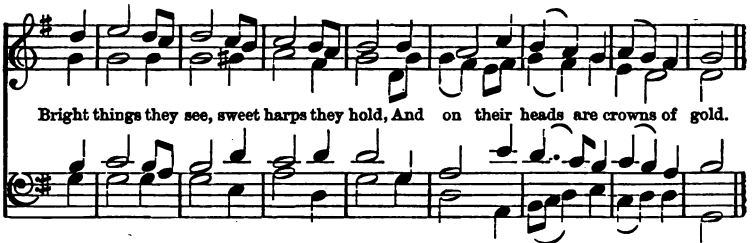
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flows;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD A BAND.



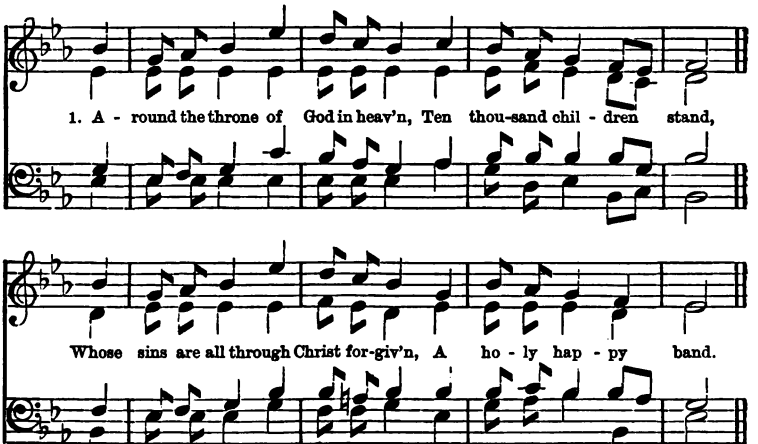
1 AROUND the throne of God a band
Of glorious angels always stand; [hold,
Bright things they see, sweet harps they
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

6. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.


1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thou-sand chil - dren stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ for-giv'n, A ho - ly hap - py band.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ
A holy, happy band. [forgiven,

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
How came these children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin; [flood,
Bathed in that pure and precious
Behold them white and clean.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

7. ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

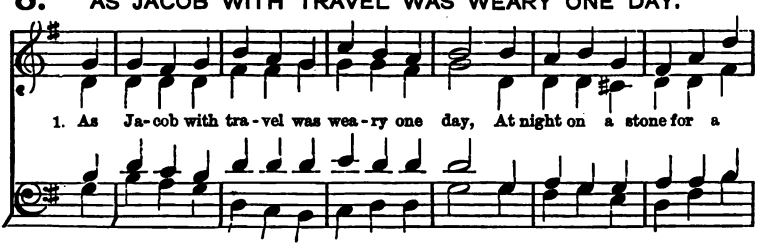
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last!
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets,
Answer, Yes!"

8. AS JACOB WITH TRAVEL WAS WEARY ONE DAY.



pil - low he lay: He saw in a vis - ion a lad - der so high That-its
REFRAIN.
foot was on earth and its top in the sky. Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus who
died on the tree, And hath rais'd up a lad - der of mer - cy for me.

1 As Jacob with travel was weary one day,
At night on a stone for a pillow he lay:
He saw in a vision a ladder so high
That-its foot was on earth and its top in the sky.

Hallelujah to Jesus who died on the tree,
And hath raised up a ladder of mercy for me.

2 This ladder is long, it is strong, and well made;
Has-stood hundreds of years and is not yet decayed;
Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's hill,
And thousands by faith are climbing it still.

3 Come let us ascend, all may climb it who will,
For-the angels of Jacob are guarding it still,
And-remember each step that by faith we pass o'er,
Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.

4 And when we arrive at the haven of rest,
We-shall hear the glad words, "Come up hither, ye blest;
Here-are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss."
Oh, who would not climb such a ladder as this!

9. AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold;
As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam-ing bright—
So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,—
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our Heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown;
Thou its Sun which goes not down
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

10. AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise, To pay thy morn-ing sa - cri - fice.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

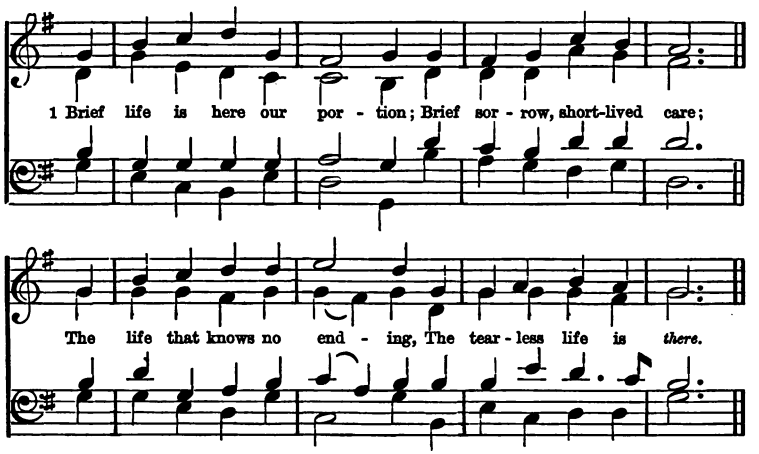
3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11. BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.



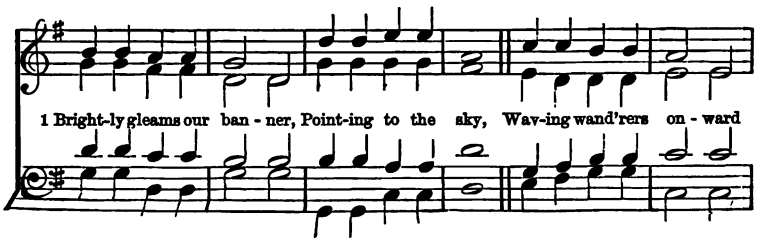
1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
Yes; God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessëd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessëd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

12. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.



To their home on high. Journey-ing o'er the de - sert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
REFRAIN.
And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'n-ward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on - ward To their home on high.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heav'nward way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayer and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

13. BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone—
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

14. CHILDHOOD'S YEARS ARE PASSING O'ER US.

1 Child-hood's years are pass - ing o'er us, Youth-ful days will soon be done,
Cares and sor-rows lie be - fore us, Hid - den dan-gers, snares un - known.

1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me!"
Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh, the crown of life to gain!

15. CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

1 Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;
Chil - dren too, of mod-ern days, Join to sing the Sa-viour's praise.
Refrain.
Hark,hark,hark, while in-fant voi-ces sing,Hark,hark,hark, while in-fant voi-ces sing,
Loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

1 Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark, hark, hark, while infant voices sing,
Hark, hark, hark, while infant voices sing,
Loud hosannas, loud hosannas,
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We have often heard and read,
What the royal Psalmist said,
"Babes' and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise."

3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His Word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise for all to God be given!

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

16. CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won,
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

17. CHRISTIAN, SEEK NOT YET REPOSE.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say
Thou art in the midst of foes—
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours—
Watch and pray.

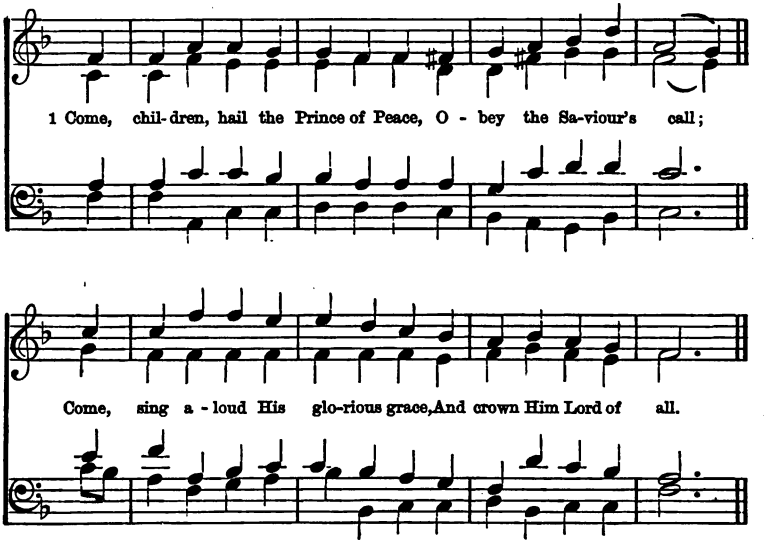
3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day,
Ambushed lies the evil one—
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way,
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word—
Watch and pray.

6 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down—
Watch and pray.

18. COME, CHILDREN, HAIL THE PRINCE OF PEACE.


1 Come, chil-dren, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Sa-viour's call;
Come, sing a - loud His glo-rious grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

1 COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come sing aloud His glorious grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
He now invites us all;
For us He died that we might live,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, let our hearts receive our King!
No more refuse His call
That so in heaven we still may sing;
And crown Him Lord of all.

19. COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

FIRST TUNE.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit Heaven - ly Dove, My sin - ful
mal - a - dies re - move; Be Thou my Light, be
Thou my Guide, O'er eve - ry thought and step pre - side.

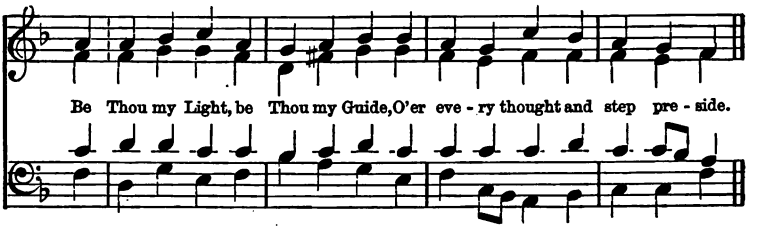
2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

SECOND TUNE.



20. COME, THOU HOLY PARACLETE.

1 COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.

2 Come of Comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest—
Come in toil refreshingly.

3 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

4 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company!

5 Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

6 What is soilëd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchëd, fructify;

7 What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.

8 Here Thy grace and virtue send
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

21. DAY BY DAY THE LITTLE DAISY.

2 And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high.

3 God has given to each his station;
Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly homes and labour,—
All may have His precious grace.

4 And God loveth all His children,
Rich and poor, and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven,
Who have served Him here below.

22. DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING.

2 Soon our souls to God, who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh that while we can we might

3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came!

4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

23. ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE.

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
Who bidd'st the migh-ty o - cean deep Its own ap - point-ed lim - its keep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in pe - ril on the sea.

1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee,
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

24. FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

1 For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

6 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

25. FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH.

1 For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:
Refrain.
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This our sa - cri - fice of praise.

1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:

Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight;
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight.

4 For the joy of human love—
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven.

26. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

FIRST TUNE.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
FROM many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

26. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

SECOND TUNE.

1 From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,
Where A - fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand.
From many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - li - ver Their land from er - ror's chain.

Words as on previous page.

27. GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought:
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Oh, supply my every want!
Feed the young and tender plant:
Day and night my Keeper be;
Every moment watch round me.

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28. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est Shall be our song to - day.
An - o - ther year's rich mer - cies prove His cease-less care and bound-less love;
So let our loud - est voi - ces raise Our an - ni - ver - sary song of praise.

1 GLORY to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day.
Another year's rich mercies prove
His ceaseless care and boundless love;
So let our loudest voices raise
Our anniversary song of praise.

2 Glory to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day;
The song that woke the glorious morn,
When David's greater Son was born,
Sung by a heavenly host, and we
Would join the angelic company.

3 Glory to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day;
And while we with the angels sing,
Gifts with the wise men let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to Him.

4 Glory to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day.
Oh, may we an unbroken band
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of His redeemed ones join the song.

29. GO SOUND THE TRUMP ON INDIA'S SHORE.

1 Go sound the trump on In - dia's shore, And bid the Hin - du weep no more;
Hin - du weep no more, Hin - du weep no more.
From i - dols vain and Gan - ges' wave, One meek and migh - ty comes to save.
Refrain.
O'er Sa - tan, er - ror, fear, and sin, Will Christ our Lord the vic - tory win.

2 Go sound the trump on Afric's shore,
And bid the negro weep no more;
From tyrant's rod and exile's grave.
One meek and mighty comes to save.

3 Go sound the trump on Judah's shore,
And say to Israel, Weep no more;
The Lord of glory, slain by you,
Will yet restore the wandering Jew.

4 Go sound the trump on every shore.
And bid poor sinners weep no more:
The blood that flowed from Jesus' veins
Will wash away your crimson stains.

30. GOD ENTRUSTS TO ALL.

1 God en - trusts to all Ta - lents few or ma - ny;
None so young and small, That they have not a - ny.
Tho' the great and wise Have a great - er num - ber,
Yet my one I prize, And it must not slum - ber.

2 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heavën,
Have I done the task
Which to me was givën.
Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowërs;
And I may attain
Much by *little* powërs.

3 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

31. GOD OF HEAVEN, HEAR OUR SINGING.

1 God of heavën, hear our singing,
Only little ones are we;
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

2 Let Thy Kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest,
Let all know Thee and obey Thee—
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone,
For the kingdom and the powër,
And the glory, are Thine own.

32. GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

1 God save our gra-cious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen! Send her vic-
to - ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us; God save the Queen!

1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

2 O Lord, our God, arise!
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,—
On Thee our hopes we fix;—
God save us all!

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour:
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

33. GREAT SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP.

1 Great Shep-herd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock dost keep, Lead-ing by wa-ters calm;
TENORS AND BASSES.
Do Thou my foot-steps guide, To fol-low by Thy side, – Make me Thy lit-tle lamb.

1 GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all Thy flock dost keep,
Leading by waters calm;
Do Thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by Thy side,—
Make me Thy little lamb.

2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray:
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road seems long,
Thy tender arm and strong
The weary one will bear;
And thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair:

4 Till—from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am—
Thou bringest me in love
To Thy sweet fold above,
A little snow-white lamb.

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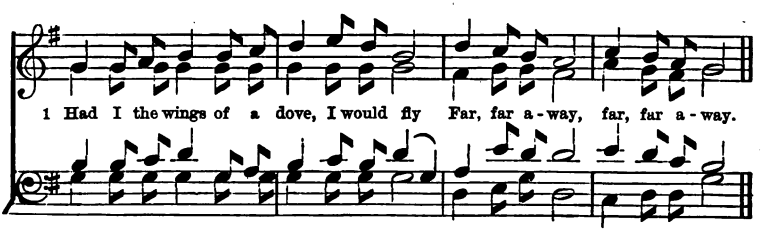
34. HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE.



Where not a cloud e - ver dark-ens the sky, Far, far a-way, far a - way.
Fade-less the flow'rs in yon E - den that blow, Green, green the bow'rs where the still wa-ters flow.
Hearts like their gar-ments are pure as the snow, Far, far a-way, far a - way.

1 HAD I the wings of a dove, I would fly—*Far, far away, far, far away.*
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,—*Far, far away, far away.*
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
Hearts like their garments are pure as the snow—*Far, far away, far away.*

2 There never trembles a sigh of regret,
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set;
There I for ever from sorrow would rest,
Leaning with joy on Emmanuel's breast;
Tears never flow in the home of the blest.

3 Friends there united in glory ne'er part,
One is their temple, their home, and their heart;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl such a glory unfold; [not told.
Eye cannot image and tongue hath

4 List how yon harpers on golden harps play— [*away;*
Come, come away, come, come
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay—*Come, come away, come away.*
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true,
Sing ye the song never old, ever new,
Come, come away, come away.

35. HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

1 Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
REFRAIN.
Of that new life where sin shall be . . no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, [you come;"
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing— [home.
The music of the gospel leads us

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, [and sea;
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
And laden souls by thousands meekly *stealing,* [steps to Thee.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, [night be passed:
The day must dawn and darksome
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, [will come at last.
And heaven, the heart's true home,

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, [above,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, [cloudless love.
And life's long shadows break in

36. HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.*

1 Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth and
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled! Joy-ful all ye na-tions rise,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim Christ is born in
REFRAIN.
Beth-le-hem. Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.
Ped.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored—
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

* May be sung in unison, except the first line of Refrain.

37. HE LEADETH ME, OH BLESSED THOUGHT!

1 He lead-eth me, oh bless-ed thought! Oh words with heaven-ly com-fort fraught!
What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Refrain.
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful follow-er I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, [bloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowërs
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

38. HIGH AND HOLY—MEEK AND LOWLY.

1 High and ho - ly— meek and low - ly, Bold - ly true, be - nign - ly mild;
God - head shar - ing, man - hood wear-ing—Walk'd on earth the Fa-ther's child.
Men re - fus'd Him, wrong'd a-bused Him—Tho' He came to seek and save;
Earth de - nied Him, and sup - plied Him On - ly with a cross and grave.

2 Life's great Giver,—Prince for ever,
Leaving sceptre, throne, and crown,
Thus rejected, shamed, neglected,
To the dust of death brought down.
Sight amazing!—angels gazing—
Hosts above, and hosts below,
Deeply pondered, watched, and wondered
How the mystery would go.

3 Morning glorious!—forth victorious,—
All the powers of darkness spoiled,
See him rising! hell surprising,—
Still the Father's wondrous Child:
Conflict ended, now ascended,
Priest and King on heaven's high throne
By His merit, grace, and Spirit,
Gathering Godward all His own!

39. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

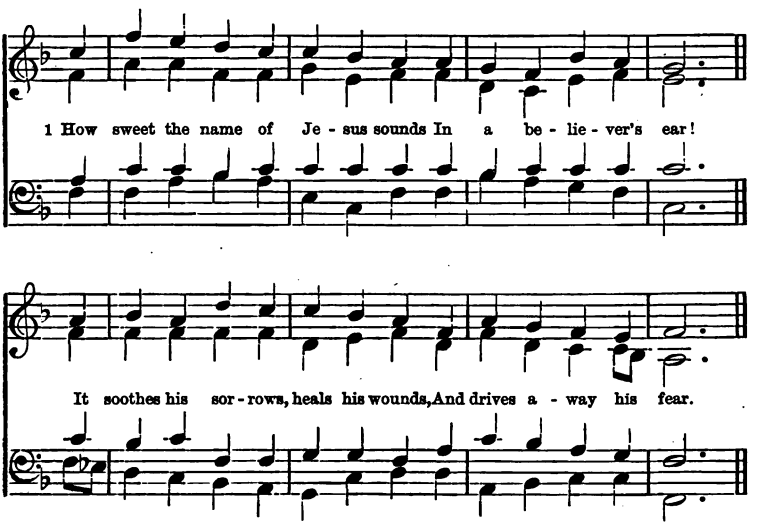
1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessëd Trinity!

40. HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear! [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus—my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

41. I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

1 I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait - ed long,
Now I think I hear the chor - us Of the an - gels' wel-come song.
Oh, I see the dawn is break - ing On the hill - tops of the blest,
Where the wick - ed cease from troub-ling, And the wea - ry be at rest.

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years.
Oh, I long to be with Jesus
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more.
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.

42. I HAVE ENTERED THE VALLEY.

1 I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-bides with me there;
And His Spi-rit and blood make my cleansing complete, And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear.
Refrain.
Oh, come to this val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will ful-ness be-stow;
And be-lieve and re-ceive and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed [may feel,
When Heavën comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

43. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

44. I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us, From the ac - cur - sed load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises
To learn the angels' song.

45. I LOVE TO THINK OF THE HEAVENLY LAND.

REFRAIN.

1 I love to think of the heav'nly land, Where white-rob'd angels are; There'll be no
Where many a friend is gather'd, safe From fear, and toil, and care.
part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing there.

1 I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered, safe
From fear, and toil, and care.
There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
Where still new joys shall come.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harp—the songs for ever ours,
The walls—the golden street.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair;
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there!

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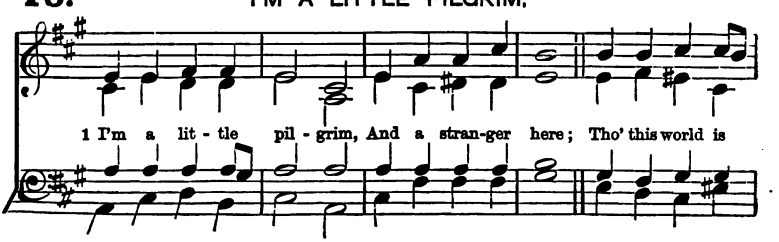
46. I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM.



1 I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin—
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

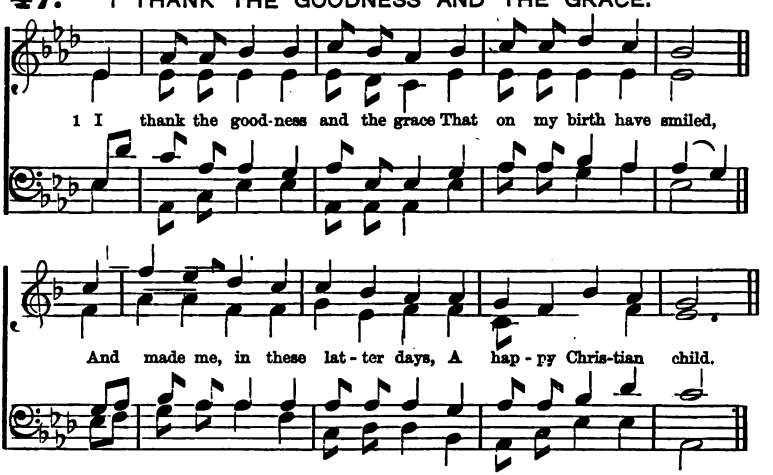
3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
But my home in heavën
Cometh ever near.

From "The Child's Own Hymn Book," by permission.

47. I THANK THE GOODNESS AND THE GRACE.



1 I THANK the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these latter days,
A happy Christian child.

2 I was not born as thousands are,
Where God is never known,
And taught to say a useless prayer
To gods of wood and stone.

3 I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labour done.

4 My God, I thank Thee, who hast
A better lot for me, [planned
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

48. I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

1 I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His
fold—I should like to have been with Him then. I wish that His hands had been
placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

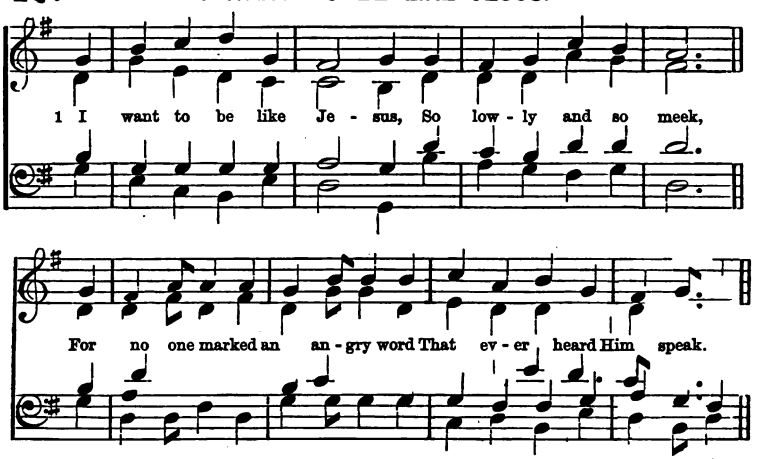
1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold—
I should like to have been with Him then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

49. I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.



1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus.
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see:
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

50. I WOULD BE LIKE AN ANGEL.

1 I would be like an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,
A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand;
Then right be - fore my Sa - viour, so glo - rious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise Him day and night.

1 I WOULD be like an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead.
A harp within my hand;
Then, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand angels,
Praise Him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

4 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

51. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

52. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, oh, I know not, what joys a - wait us there—
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare!

1 JERUSALEM the golden
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there—
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessëd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessëd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessëd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

53. JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

1 Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Through the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgivën;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heavën,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

54. JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

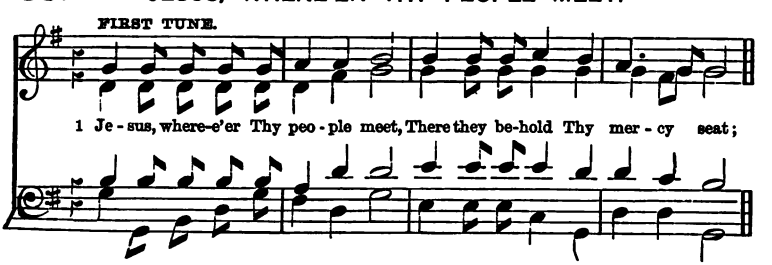
1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

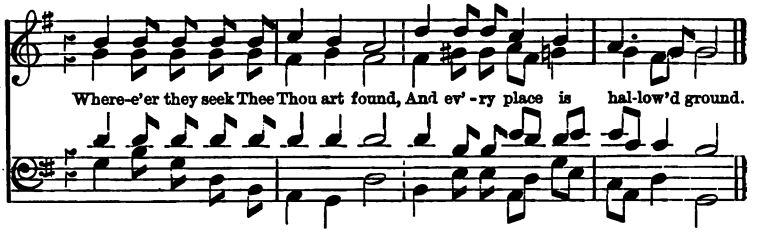
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

55. JESUS, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE MEET.





1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh rend the heaven, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

SECOND TUNE.

1 Je-sus, where-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer - cy-seat;
Where-e'er they seek Thee Thou art found, And ev'-ry place is hal-lowed ground.

56. JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each [spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind!
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height [to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

57. LAMB OF GOD, I LOOK TO THEE.

1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

58. LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US.

1 Lead us, heaven-ly Fa-ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee.
Yet pos-sess-ing ev'-ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know:
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

59. LET US SING, WITH ONE ACCORD.

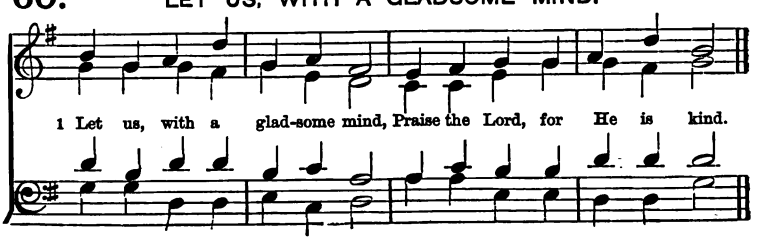
1 Let us sing, with one accord,
Praises to th' eternal Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise—
Hearts and voices let us raise.

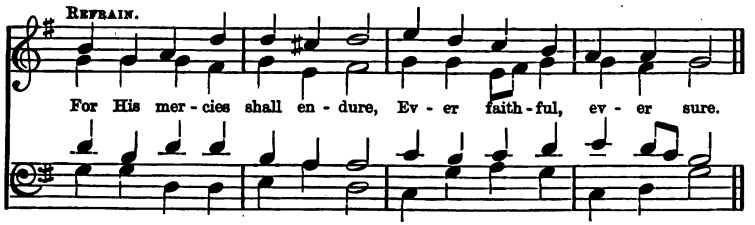
2 What He bids us, let us do;
Where He leads us, let us go;
As He loves us, let us love,
Man below, and God above.

3 Angels praise Him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

4 He will hear our praise and prayer;
Children's hearts to Him are dear;
Heart and voice, let all be given—
All will find its way to heaven.

60. LET US, WITH A GLADSOME MIND.





1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

3 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need.

4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.

6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

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61. LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

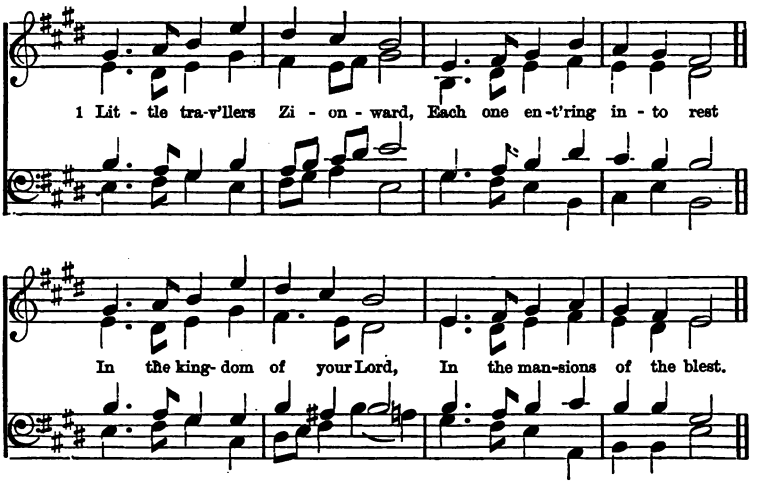
1 Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

2 Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

62. LITTLE TRAVELLERS ZIONWARD.



1 LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win,
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last,
At the portals of the sky."
Each the welcome "COME" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

63. LO, AT NOON 'TIS SUDDEN NIGHT.

1 Lo, at noon 'tis sud - den night, Dark-ness co - vers all the sky;
Rocks are rend - ing at the sight; Chil - dren, can you tell me why?
What can all these won - ders be? Je - sus dies on Cal - va - ry.

1 Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky;
Rocks are rending at the sight;
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

2 Nailed upon the cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold
They have made Him one of thorn:
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3 See the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side:
Hark! He now has breathed His last—
"It is finished"—He has died.
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4 You were wretched, weak, and vile;
You deserved His holy frown;
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

64. LO! HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vour'd sin-ners slain;
Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

65. LORD, A LITTLE BAND AND LOWLY.

1 Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly, Oh, how so - lemn we should be.
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heav'n where He is gone;
And let no - thing ever please us, He would grieve to look up - on.

1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh, how solemn we should be.

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone:
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgivën,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heavën,
There to sing a nobler song.

66. LORD, LOOK UPON A LITTLE CHILD.

1 LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild,
Oh, put Thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole heart, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee;—

3 A star of early dawn, and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.

4 Dear Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
Oh, bless me, and I shall be blest;
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

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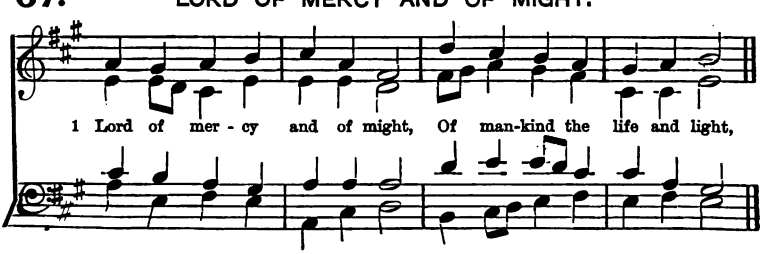
67. LORD OF MERCY AND OF MIGHT.



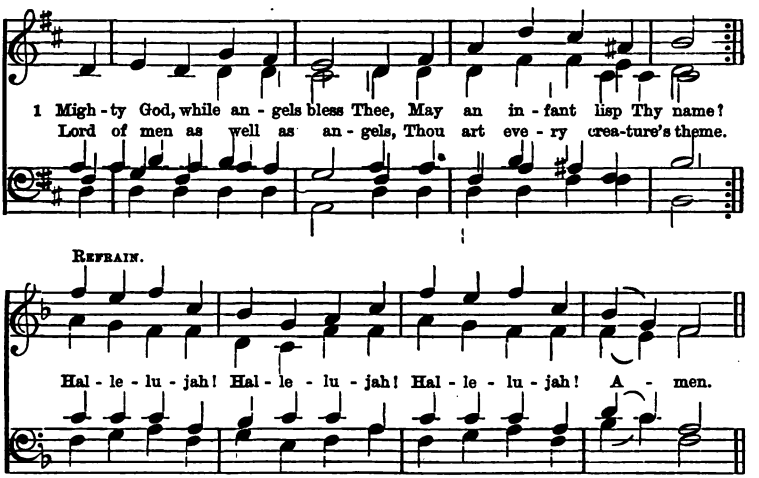
1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,—
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled.—
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty;
Hear us, help us when we cry,
Jesus, hear and save!

68. MIGHTY GOD, WHILE ANGELS BLESS THEE.


1 Migh-ty God, while an-gels bless Thee, May an in-fant lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as an-gels, Thou art eve-ry crea-ture's theme.
REFRAIN.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Sounded through Thy wide dominion
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

3 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered be?
Flee, my soul, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who died for thee.

69. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa -
viour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a -
way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

70. MY GOD AND FATHER, WHILE I STRAY.

1 My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

4 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh?
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay:
My Father, still I'd strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy free Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
"Thy will be done."

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixt with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

71. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Near-er, my God, to Thee,—Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me,
Still, all my song shall be, Near-er my God, to Thee,—Near-er to Thee!

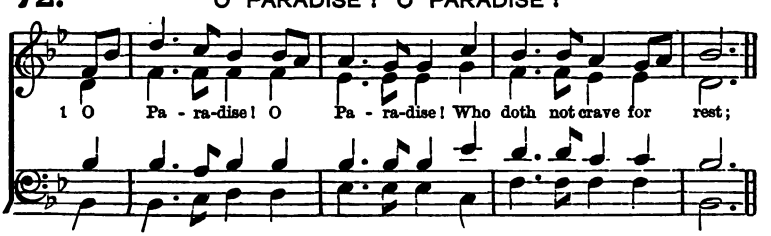
2 Though, like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still, still, my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

72. O PARADISE! O PARADISE!



Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
REFRAIN.
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture through and through In God's most ho - ly sight!

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest;
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest, and free,
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay—
Bright death that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day?

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

6 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

7 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

73. O SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

1 O Sa-viour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Refrain.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light!

1 O Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy words into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow,
With lowly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all
The scanty triumphs grace hath won—
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

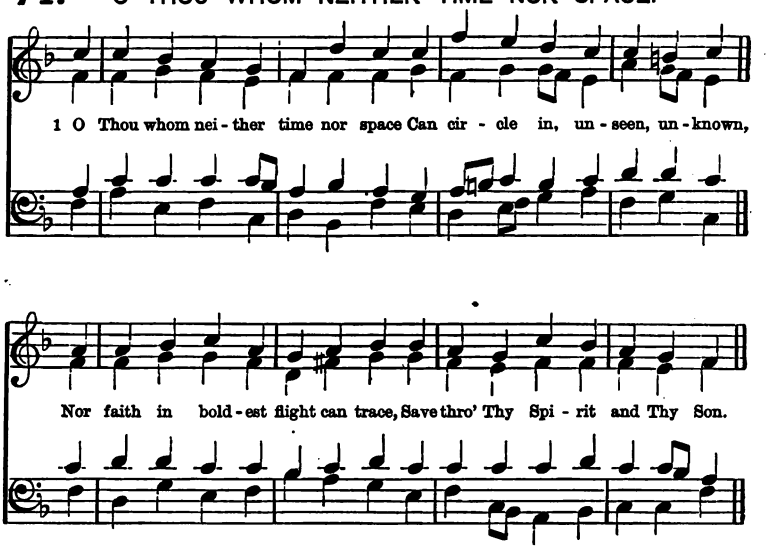
3 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

5 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

74. O THOU WHOM NEITHER TIME NOR SPACE.


1 O Thou whom nei - ther time nor space Can cir - cle in, un - seen, un - known,
Nor faith in bold - est flight can trace, Save thro' Thy Spi - rit and Thy Son.

1 O THOU whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son.

2 And Thou who from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God
Eternal, co-eternal Son.

3 And Thou whose unction from on high,
By comfort, light, and love is known,
Who with the parent Deity,
Blest Spirit, art for ever One.

4 Great First and Last, Thy blessing give,
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done.

75. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

1 On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Refrain.
For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war; With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided—
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

76. RETURN, O WANDERER, TO THY HOME.

FIRST TUNE.
1 Re-turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther calls for thee; No
lon-ger now an ex-ile roam In guilt and mis-e-ry. Re-turn, . . re-turn.

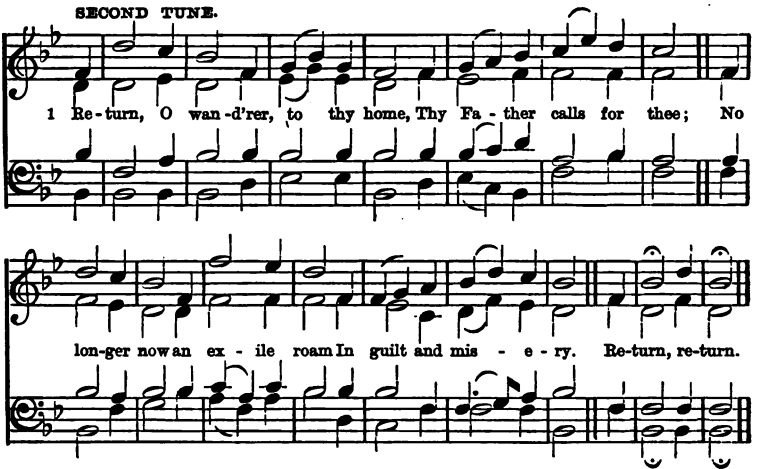
1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Oh now for refuge flee.
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return.

76. RETURN, O WANDERER, TO THY HOME.

SECOND TUNE.



1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Oh now for refuge flee.
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return.

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77. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

FIRST TUNE.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy rivën side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

77. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

SECOND TUNE.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy rivën side which flowed.
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

78. SADLY BEND THE FLOWERS.

1 Sad - ly bend the flow - ers In the hea - vy rain;
Af - ter beat - ing show - ers, Sun-beams come a - gain.
Lit - tle birds are si - lent All the dark night through;
But when morn-ing dawn - eth, Their songs are sweet and new.

1 SADLY bend the flowërs
In the heavy rain;
After beating showers,
Sunbeams come again.
Little birds are silent
All the dark night through;
But when morning dawneth,
Their songs are sweet and new.

2 When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night,
Wait for God's to-morrow—
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust Him,
Just a little while;
After evening tear-drops,
Shall come the morning smile.

79. SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

1 Sa - viour, breathe an eve - ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal;
Sin and want we come con-fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly,
An - gel - guards from Thee sur-round us— We are safe if Thou art nigh.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

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80. SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

To be sung to the Music of No. 79.

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting as for dews of evën,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heavën,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating
Love's pure flame and Wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

81. SEE, IN YONDER MANGER LOW.

Treble or Tenor, or alternately.
1 See, in yon - der man - ger low, Born for us on earth be - low,
Moderato.
p
See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Pro-mised from e - ter - nal years.
Refrain.
ff
Hail! thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail re-demp-tion's hap - py dawn!
ff

1 See, in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Hail! thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies—
He who, throned in might sublime,
Sat between the cherubim.

3 "Say, ye happy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?"

4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous sight;
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

5 Sacred Infant! all divine!
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

82. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

1 Shall we ga - ther at the ri - ver Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God!
Refrain.
The beau - ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful ri - ver,
Yes, we'll ga - ther at the ri - ver, The beau - - ti - - ful ri - ver;
Ga-ther with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

83. SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

FIRST TUNE.
1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear! It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin—
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,—
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

83. SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

SECOND TUNE.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sa-viour dear! It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

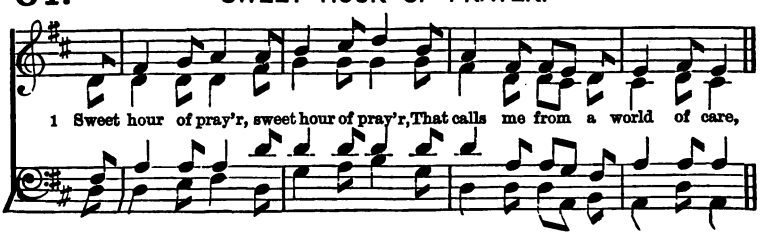
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin—
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,—
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

84. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known.
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief,
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r—
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

85. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
Refrain.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

1 TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Once in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair,
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.
But oh! they disobeyed Him,
The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted —
They ate it and they died.

3 Yet in His love and ¬ity,
At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared.
Hundreds of years were over—
Adam and Eve had died;
The following generation,
And many more beside.

4 At last some shepherds watching
Beside their flocks at night,
Were startled in the darkness,
By strange and heavenly light.
One of the holy angels
Had come from heaven above
To tell the true, true story,
Of Jesus and His love.

5 He came to bring glad tidings,
"You need not, must not fear,
For Christ your new-born Saviour
Lies in the village near."
And many other angels
Took up the story then—
"To God on high be glory,
Good-will and peace to men."

PART THE SECOND.

6 He whom the Father promised,
So many ages past,
Has come to save poor sinners,—
Yes, He has come at last.
He was content to do it,
To seek and save the lost,
Although He knew beforehand—
Knew all that it would cost.

7 He lived a life most holy,
His every thought was love,
And every action showed it
To man and God above.
He gave away no money,
For He had none to give;
But He had power of healing,
And made dead people live.

8 He heard each tale of sorrow
With an attentive ear,
And took away each burden
Of suffering, sin, or fear
He was a Man of Sorrows,
And when He gave relief,
He gave it like a brother,
Acquainted with the grief.

9 This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken,
And crucified, and slain.
Look! look! if you can bear it,
Look at your dying Lord,
Stand near the cross and watch Him
Behold the Lamb of God.

10 O wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
The door of heaven is open,
And you may enter in.
Soon, soon, our eyes shall see Him,
And in our home above,
We'll sing the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

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86. THE GOD OF HARVEST PRAISE.

FIRST TUNE.
1 The God of har - vest praise, In loud thanks-giv - ing raiseHand,heart,and voice;
The val - leys laugh and sing, For - ests and moun - tains ring,
The plains their tri - bute bring, The streams re - joice.

1 THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Garden and orchard ground
Autumnal fruits have crowned,
The vintage glows;
Here plenty pours her horn,
There the full tide of corn,
Swayed by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

3 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

86. THE GOD OF HARVEST PRAISE.

SECOND TUNE.

1 The God of har - vest praise, In loud thanks-giv-ing raise Hand, heart, and voice;
The val - leys laugh and sing, For - ests and moun - tains
ring, The plains their tri - bute bring, The streams re - joice.

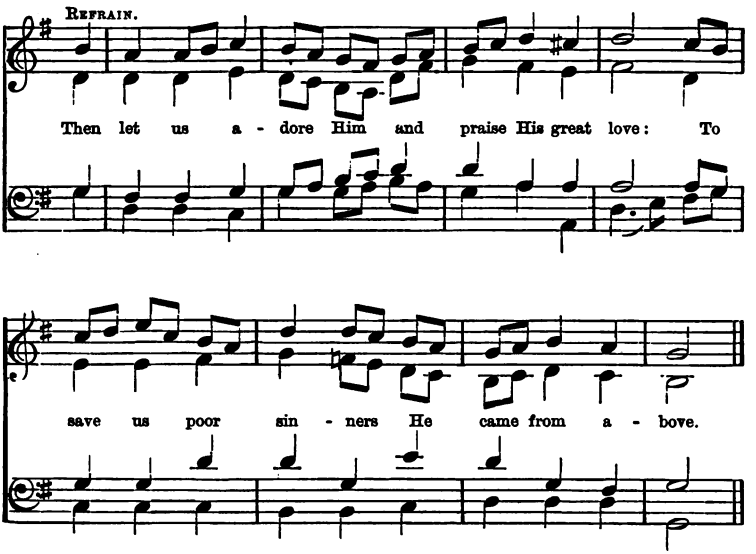
1 THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Garden and orchard ground
Autumnal fruits have crowned,
The vintage glows;
Here plenty pours her horn,
There the full tide of corn,
Swayed by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

3 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

87. THE GREAT GOD OF HEAVEN.

The great God of hea - ven is come down to earth; His
Mo - ther a Vir - gin, and sin - less His birth!
The Fa - ther e - ter - nal, His Fa - ther a - lone - He
sleeps in the man - ger, He reigns on the throne.



1 The great God of heavën is come down to earth;
His mother a Virgin, and sinless His birth!
The Father eternal, His Father alone—
He sleeps in the manger, He reigns on the throne.
Then let us adore Him and praise His great love:
To save us poor sinners He came from above.

2 The wonderful Counsellor, boundless in might,
The Father's own image, the Beam of His light;
Behold Him now wearing the likeness of man—
Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span.

3 Oh, wonder of wonders, which none can unfold,
The Ancient of days is an hour or two old!
The Maker of all things is made of the earth,
Man-is worshipped by angels and God comes to birth.

4 The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains,
Yet-in flesh comes to suffer the keenest of pains;
He is that He was, and for ever shall be,
But-becomes that He was not for you and for me.

88. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

1 There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sa - viour King;
Loud let His prai - ses ring—Praise, praise for aye.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far, away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour king;
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise, for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

89. THERE IS A BETTER WORLD THEY SAY.

1 There is a bet - ter world they say, Oh so bright! Oh so bright!
Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh so bright! Oh so bright!
And mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And an - gels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and man - sions fair, Oh so bright! Oh so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land! [grace,
They drink the gushing streams of
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!

3 Though we are sinners, every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died!

90. THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend that ne - ver chan - ges, Whose love will ne - ver die:
Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years,
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die:
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessëd Saviour,
And to His Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

91. THESE ARE THE CROWNS THAT WE SHALL WEAR.

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all Thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear On yon-der ho-ly ground.

1 THESE are the crowns that we shall wear
When all Thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When foremost 'mong the sons of light
We sit on yonder throne.

3 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain,
And welcome sorrow too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

4 Come crown and throne, come robe and palm,
Burst forth glad stream of peace;
Come holy city of the Lamb,
Rise Sun of Righteousness.

92. THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.

1 This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a ci - ty yet to come,
On - ward to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
Ne - ver - more, Ne - ver - more, Ne - ver-more be sad or wea - ry,
Ne - ver - more, Ne - ver - more, Ne - ver-more to sin a - gain.

1 This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come,
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore to sin again.

2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shnes a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pasture feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this dreary desert;
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Nevermore be sad and weary,
Nevermore to sin again.

93. WE SAW THEE NOT WHEN THOU DIDST TREAD.

1 We saw Thee not when Thou didst tread, O Sa - viour, this our sin - ful earth;
Nor heard Thy voice re - store the dead And wake them to a se - cond birth.
But we be-lieve that Thou didst come, And leave for us Thy glo - rious home.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry—
"Forgive, they know not what they do."
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay;
Nor sat within that upper-room,
Nor met Thee in the open way.
But we believe that angels said—
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the cloud ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky,
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

94. WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died—Of Him who died up - on the cross.
The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died—
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away:
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

3 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

4 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

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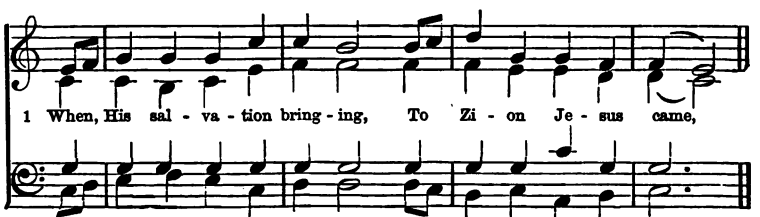
95. WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING.



The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His name!
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
He bade them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

1 When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to His name!
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna!
To David's royal son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

96. WHITHER ARE YOU GOING, PILGRIMS OF A DAY?

1 Whi - ther are you go - ing, pil - grims of a day?
Tar - ry but a mo - ment, rest you on your way.
No, we can - not lin - ger here, day is wan - ing fast,
We must reach the ha - ven ere the light is past.

2 You will soon be weary, pilgrims of a day,
Trials are before you, dangers in your way.
Still by faith we'll journey on, though
our path be drear; [to fear?
If the Saviour lead us, what have we

3 Pilgrims, are you going where the
angels' song [along?
O'er the fields of glory gently floats
Yes, we seek the better land, lovely,
pure, and fair, [meet us there?
Where no grief can enter; will you

4 May we journey with you, pilgrims of
a day? [heavenly way?
Will you help us onward in the
Come, we gladly bid you come, day is
waning fast, [is past.
We must reach the haven ere the day

97. WHO IS THIS SO WEAK AND HELPLESS?

1 Who is this so weak and help-less, Child of low-ly He-brew maid,
Rude-ly in a sta-ble shel-tered, Cold-ly in a man-ger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all cre-a-tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;
He is God from ev-er-last-ing, And to ev-er-last-ing God.

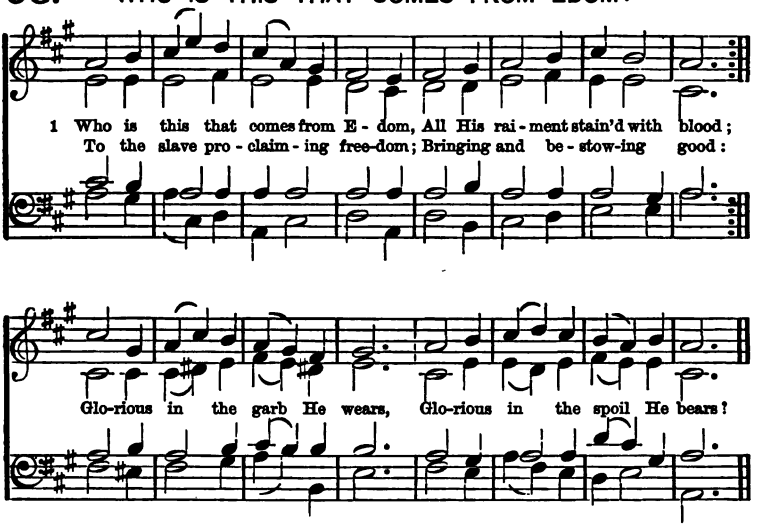
1 WHO is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

2 Who is this—a man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces,
On His Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side;
Nails His hands and feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced His side?
'Tis the God who ever liveth,
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

98. WHO IS THIS THAT COMES FROM EDOM?


1 Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His rai - ment stain'd with blood;
To the slave pro - claim - ing free-dom; Bringing and be - stow-ing good:
Glo-rious in the garb He wears, Glo-rious in the spoil He bears?

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might,
'Tis the Saviour, oh how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain.
Fall'n they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne!
'Tis the great reward He gains;
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever!
Wear the crown, so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done.
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

99. WITHIN THE CHURCHYARD, SIDE BY SIDE.

1 With - in the church-yard, side by side, Are ma - ny long low graves;
And some have stones set o - ver them, On some the green grass waves.

1 WITHIN the churchyard, side by side,
Are many long low graves;
And some have stones set over them,
On some the green grass waves.

2 Full many a little Christian child,
Woman, and man, lies there;
And we pass by them every time
When we go in to prayer.

3 They cannot hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass;
They cannot feel the bright warm sun
That shines upon the grass.

4 They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing over-head;
They cannot rise and come to church
With us, for they are dead.

5 But we believe a day shall come,
When all the dead will rise;
When they who sleep down in the grave
Will ope again their eyes.

6 For Christ our Lord was buried once;
He died and rose again;
He conquered death, He left the grave;
And so will Christian men.

7 So when the friends we love the best
Lie in their churchyard bed,
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead;

8 Because, for our dear Saviour's sake,
Our sins are all forgiven,
And Christians only fall asleep,
To wake again in heaven.

100. WORDS ARE THINGS OF LITTLE COST.

1 Words are things of lit - tle cost, Quick-ly spo - ken, quick - ly lost;
We for - get them, but they stand, Wit - ness - es at God's right hand;
And their tes - ti - mo - ny bear For us or a - gainst us there.

1 WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand,
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit our faults to hide;
Envious tales or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind!

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee:
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

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The Children's hymnal :
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